ligation to you, Miss Lenster.

dered eves.

erounds.

jewels were most of them heirlooms;

"Jewels !" exclaimed Gladys, look-

irg from one to the other with bewil-

"Perhaps you do not know that a

obbery has been committed here?

Two or three men and a woman were concerned in it. She had the hardi-

hood to pass openly through the lodge-

gate, with a trumped-up story to Jane

Green about having been sent down

with some things from town, and de-

layed at the house until my sister could

attend to her. But we were very

been wrongfully put under restraint."
"You were deceived. No one has

escaped from my house, Miss Len-

"Ob, what have I done! what have

done!" exclaimed Gladys. "She

· Pray do not distress yourself," put

said she had been cruelly wronged, and I promised—I helped her to escape!"

in Philip Gaston. "The woman was no doubt an adept in her trade.

You could not be expected to be

on your guard against a person of

in her possession. "The bag is empty.

made some well-meant efforts to re-

assure her. The men were consulting in

a low tone as to what ought to be done.

Philip Gaston to Gladys. "She may

not get off after all, and if she does

He paused. Something had suggested

itself to him, and he spoke a word to

one of the men, who went out of the

got bread and butter tied up in the handkerchief! The jewels are all there,

in, too, as soon as she saw it was all

The bundle was put upon the table;

the handkerchief-a large, coarse, and

strong red-cotton one knotted together

by the four corners-untied; and ti-

glittering heap of diamonds, and other

precious stones, were disclosed, just as

they had been taken from their cases

To none present-not even Mrs. Gas-

ton, who had entered the room in obe-

dience to her son's summons, and was

whispering some kindly, reassuring

words to the trembling girl-was the

sight of the jewels more welcome than

" Indeed, you must not blame your-

"She is not to blame," put in the

ulprit. "She's as true as steel, la-

dies and gentlemen, and brave. There,

you'd only got to make her think you were in trouble and she could help you,

and she was ready to go through any-

she was a little too ready to be taken

"Arcadian simplicity!" thought

But she had found a champion eager

to take up the glove in her defence.

It is not desirable that a young lady

should possess the kind of knowledge

that would render her capable of coping

with the trickery that has been prac-

ticed upon Miss Lenster," said Philip

pose. But it might have been worse. Bob's safe, anyhow, and you may do

"Where shall we put her until the

police come, air," asked one of the

Gaston reflected a few moments. " I

think -yes - the little front room,

Saunders. Just turn the key in the

"The north room, sir?" inquiringly

Shall we stay to watch her, some of

"No: I will speak to her myself

presently. After a little reflection she may be inclined to give us some clue to

find those who left her to take the

" It was not like Mr. Gaston to make

such a mistake as to put his prisoner into a room where she had only to un-

latch the French window, opening to

the ground, and walk out into the park,

whence she could so easily escape,'

afterward said the servants among

larger share of the risks."

as you like with me," recklessly.

in it isn't for me to say so.'

ladys, with a little moue.

Gaston.

aras, sprays, necklets, bracelets, a

husband had got safe off.

to be the more portable.

to Gladys Lenster.

Only wanted to know whether her

none could in the slightest degree -

Do not distress yourself," repeated

with her trembling hands.

"Idyllic stories of Arcadian simplicity have their charm, and yours are undoubtedly good of their kind; but, as I have previously hinted, we require semething more than pretty description. From your writings I should infer that life is a very retired one, and that, therefore, you have not had the opportunity of acquiring the experience so necessary in a writer of flotion. Your late attempt to put a little more zest into your stories, by evolving a crimipal out of your inner consciousness, gave the critics some grounds for the fun they got out of him. He would, in fact, be as incapable of the villainy attributed to him as of the agonies of remorse he is depicted as undergoing at the thought of having committed it, What we want is truth of character, apart from which there can be no sound morality-real men and women whose lives we can sympathise with or condemn, as the case may be. Failing in this respect, we must, I regret to say, decline further contributions from your

pen."
Truth of character—real men and women!" The letter, which had been read through for the third or fourth time, was put down with a low sigh, and the speaker sat with compressed lips and downcast eyes in troubled thought, her elbows on the table and her chin propped on the palms of her A girl of about nineteen years of age, slenderly and gracefully formed, with the rare combination of strength and sweethess in her clear-cut features. and capabilities of humor and pathos in her blue gray eyes and pensive The room in which she sat was fitted

up in an unpretending way as a study, and opened into a bed-room beyond. It was nearly midnight, and warm even for the end of June. The French window looking on to a balcony, from which stone steps led down to an old-fashioned garden, was open, and the perfumed air came languidly in, as though laden with invisible flowers. The girl presently changed her position, lying back in her chair beyond the ring of light from the shaded lamp on the table, her hands clasped above her head. In the dim shadow her face took a more to surrender herself to the mystical influences of the summer night. Wooed by the note of a nightingale in a neighboring wood, the yearning spirit in her eyes was making to itself wings, when she was suddenly summoned back to rose to her feet, ksen-eyed and alertit was a summons she was accustomed to respond to without a moment's delaj - and passed swiftly into the adjoining room. A large, comfortable-looking room, wherein were two beds, in one last? of which lay an invalid-a woman of had a refining elect. Dear mother, can I do anything-

No; less man usual to-night, dear. But it is getting late, is it not? will not sit up much longer, Gladys? " "Everything is so still and sugges-

dearie. But I shall soon be in now." My child! How grateful I am that you have the prospect of making yourself independent by and by. How much it comforts me to think so! What would you have done without your

The girl stooped to kiss her mother's pale cheek and smooth back her hair, light and careless : "Something better and more profitable, perhaps, dearie." · But nothing that would have given

That's your Arcadian simplicity, my dear. I am more ambitious," recurned the girl, her lips curving with a pathetic little smile. "Let me give you your sleeping-draught and shake up your pillows. There! That is more comfortable, is it not? Try to sleep, dearie, and dream that you have a daughter who is-"
"Not ambitious, Gladys."

"Well, then, possessed of an inner consciousness that does not make mis-Once more kissing the invalid's cheek,

and carefully arranging the bed-cur-tains so as to shade her eyes from the light burning on the table, the young girl moved softly away, passing into the little study again.

Going toward the table, she took up some pages of manuscript and glanced through them with critical, dissatisfied eyes. "No; it will not do," she murmured. "He is right, of course. No ket!" She stood pondering over the situation, slowly tearing the sheets across and across. How was she to gain the kind of experience she wanted n her quiet village home? Her sketches of country life had been favorably received for some time, and she had depended upon being able to go on in the same way, earning sufficient to give her mother the comforts necessary for an invalid. That day had come the letter intimating that a change was required. She had previously received two or three friendly hints to the same effect, and had endeavored to act upon them ; but, as it had turned out, unsuccessful-There was no mistaking the decided tone of this last letter; nor did she question its reasonableness.

It was characteristic of Gladys Lenster that, having once accepted the verdict, she wasted no time in bemoaning her unfortunate circumstances, Nor did she try to console herself by dwelling upon the thought that her work had been allowed to be good of its kind. It was not the kind in demand, and her whole mind was concentrated upon the one question, whether she would be able to do what was.

Her father had been rector of Greenthorpe, and, after his death, her mother and she had been invited to remain at the rectory, rent free, by his successor, a family connection, who thus satisfied his conscience that he was doing all that could be expected of him. credit due to him was somewhat diminished by the facts that he was himself obliged to live in a warmer climate; that the curate in charge, an elderly bachelor with some means, preferred having rooms at an adjacent farm-house, he was spared the trouble of housekeeping; and that there would have been some difficulty in letting the

Gladys, who had received a solid education from her father, would have been ready enough to go out into the world to earn her bread; but she found her work at home in nursing her mother through an illness, which, although prenounced incurable, might last for find herself capable of adding to their

and fruit-gardens at the back, whence a swing-gate admitted to an elm-shaded path through the primitive graveyard to the church—its ancient, lichen-clad tower, schenhat aslant, and its roof dressed, wearing a close black bonnet dressed, wearing a close black b

and porch showing many a sign of the efforts that had, from time to time, been made to stay the progress of decay.

Fronting the house and facing the main road was a wide lawn, with basket groups of flowers and shrubbery beyond, bounded by an old moss-grown, red-brick wall, in the course of which was a high, narrow, open-work

"What to do?" thought Gladys, throwing the torn manuscript-a village story it had been a labor of love to -into the waste-paper basket. It had not only been more congenial, but more practicable than any other work ; able as she was to do it in the odd hours when not attending upon her mother. But it would have to be given up, she was telling herself, unless she could succeed in supplying the new demand. "You have served an apprenticeship in giving up, my dear," she murmured, with a little half smile and attempt at a jest with herself. " You ought to be quite an adept in the noble art of doing without by this time, you

She cressed the room, pushed the window wider open, and passed on to the balcony, resting her arms upon it as she stood gazing at the quiet scene before her. "Truth of character real men and women.' Yes; evidently what I want is to see life. Not still life, you know"; nodding confidentially to her old familiar friend, the walnut-tree on the lawn. "Think of my never having been five miles from the rectory! Why, seeing life must mean rushing about to exhibitions and theatres and concerts and balls, and meeting hosts of people! Here everything goes on in exactly the same way after day, week after week, and day month after month. One knows what all the the people are going to do and say and think, and nothing ever hap-

pens! Old Tommy Venn's prosy mannderings about his wrongs will never lead to anything. No: he's no If quarrelsome, mischief-making Mrs. Greer would go just a little further we might have a dramatic situation, but she won't; and I have used her up, as far as she goes! As to Alice Newton's love story, I've got all I can out of that-three versions

already !" The balcony was in shadow and part of the lawn, but the road beyond, winding down through the village, and dreamy expression, and she appeared | the rising ground opposite, terminating in a wave of hills, moonlight. The bells in the old church tower were haltingly chiming the hour of 12, with what was understood in the village to be a few bars of the "Old Hundredth," and a dog in some neighrealities by the sound of light taps upon | boring farm-yard was howling its disthe wall of the adjoining room. She approval, when the thread of the young girl's thoughts was suddenly suapped asunder. She bent curiously forward, her gaze directed toward a bend in the road some hundred yards or so distant. Was something going to happen at A woman had come into view, and

about forty years of age, upon whose still beautiful face suffering had only rectory, looking back every now and was running with fleet steps toward the again as she ran. Gladys stood gazing wonderingly at the advancing figure. In quiet, sleepy Greenthorpe people did not run about at night, and in that wild

On she came, until she reached the rectory gate. Then she stopped, tried to open it, and, finding it locked, shook tive-I can think better at this time, it with both hands, as if in despera-

What did she want? Had she come there for assistance? Something dreadful in the village-an accident-fire? Gladys hurriedly turned to descend, then paused, standing motionless, with one foot on the step. She had heard other sounds—hurrying footsteps and as she replied in a tone meant to seem raised voices-and now behald three or four men and a woman running round the bend in the road. The woman had also heard. She pushed something she me so much pleasure. Your mother is had been carrying between the iron so proud of what you do." bars, and, a moment before the others came in sight, climbed the high gatea feat of no small difficulty - and dropped into the rectory grounds,

crouching low among the laurels. She was trying to escape from the others! What had happened? Gladys ran down the steps and across the lawn toward the woman, who had turnd a few yards to the left, out of sight from the gate. As she drew nearer the woman crouched lower, endeavoring apparently to escape notice; but, findng she was seen, sprang up again, and

ejaculated in an excited whisper, Don't give me up-don't give me up, "No, no," hurriedly put in Gladys. "Do not fear. You are safe-no harm can come to you here. What were they going to----

The woman raised a trembling finger to her lips. The pursuers were close upon them now-peering through the bars of the gate on to the lawn, part of which was bright with moonlight and part in deep shadow.
"Do you think it is likely?" said

No ; it is locked, you see," trying the gate, "and she could not climb it."
"I don't feel so sure," doubtfully

said another, in a voice which sounded familiar to Gladys's ears, although she was at the moment too much absorbed to give more than a passing thought to "I know what can be done in that way on emergency."
"Impossible!" decidedly.

"On, then, or she will catch the night mail and escape us, after all ! "

The woman clutched Gladys's arm with a tighter hold and stooped lower, although they could not be seen where they were from the gate. There were the sounds of running footsteps again, and as they died away Gladys murmured, beginning to look a little doubt-

"What has happened? Why were they running after you?"
"I was afraid—so afraid," hesitatingly and absently murmured the woman, as though still listening.
"Why?"

"Because-they are desperate men, and—and I am only a woman, and alone. Do you live here?" peering with eager scrutiny at Gladys in the dim light.

"Yes; my mother and I and an old servant. You are safe here."

The woman appeared to be hurriedly debating with herself, and still in great

dread, her eyes shifting nervously from Gladys to the gate. Then she abruptly How far is it to the railway sta-

tion? straight line," replied Gladys.
"And they are gone there! No, I dare not venture!" Again she re-

flected, conning Gladys's face the "You are a lady?" Not quite able to come to the same conclusion with regard to the other and unaccustomed to say what she did not feel, Gladys simply replied : "My fa-

ther was rector here.'

The woman seemed about five or six small income by her writing, and thus to be enabled to remain with her mother in the beloved old home.

A large, irregularly-built, somewhat dilapidated, and forcely-formish A large, irregularly-built, some-what dilapidated, and sparely-furnish-ed hotse, with old-fashioned flower-keen and shifting. She was plainly keen and shifting. She was plainly dressed, wearing a close black bonnet and a long sober-colored dust-cloak.

critical. The other was a woman—in trouble; and that was enough.

"Were they going to rob you?"

The woman broke into a short discordant laugh; but immediately grew grave sgain, gazing silently at Gladys, as if debating with herself once more.

Why did she look in that strange.

way-why did she laugh if she were in trouble? wondered Gladys, as silently returning her gaze with an uncanny feeling of she knew not what. Suddenly her fears took shape; a terrible suspicion, aroused, perhaps, by the other's laugh, darted into her mind. One thought had suggested another; which had sounded familiar to her was that of a Dr. Harland, who kept a private asylum just outside the village. After a moment's reflection she said, making a great effort to command herself and appear to speak in a quiet, na-

"The voice of one of those in pursuit of you seemed familiar to me. It was that of Dr. Harland, who lives at the-who receives patients. Do you

"Mad people, do you mean?" She was silent for a few minutes, then slowly récommenced: "You are thinking that I am one of them, and have made

my escape? At loss how to reply, Gladys unconsciously betrayed what was in her mind, shrinking back a little as she murmured, with a whitening face, "I thought that perhaps-" "You needn't be afraid. I am

as same as you are. If ever a wo-man had her wits about her I've got mine this minute ! " She paused again, and, after a moment's thought, seemed to come to some decision. "You look to come to some decision. the sort to judge for yourself and stand by any one you promised to help. Well," after another keen look, "I will trust you. I have been shut up there and I've made my escape. I should never have got free if I hadn't, though I am no more mad than you

"But Dr. Harland is a good man. I know him, and I know he would never lend himself to-"

"No, oh, no! I've nothing to say against him," hurriedly. "It wasthe others-they that gave the certificates-who were to blame." "But-I do not understand. What

motive could they have had?" "People are sometimes treated as insane when they are not, you know. Didn't you hear about that poor lady that was put away not long ago? '

dys, recollecting something of the kind, and its having been said that the motive was to obtain the property of the lady kept in durance. But Dr. Harland would not---

" I told you it was the others. He thought that what they said about my being insane was true-because-because I kept to the story; and-it's so No wonder he can't beieve, when those that put me with him t's just that I'm insane about, and that I only fancy what occurred." "You saw something done-some-

thing dreadful?" ejaculated Gladys. "Yes." The woman paused a moment, as though listening again, then hurriedly went on; "I saw it done. The poor gentleman was on a visit--it was a summer night; and-I was in the-the garden, as it might be here, to-to-get a breath of fresh air. looked in at the dining-room window. They had been playing some gambling game, and—had given him too much wine. They made him sign some papers, and-then-oh, I cannot tell you

"Do you mean-did they kill him?" "I saw it! Oh, it was too dread-'ul ! Afterward I got bysterical, and cried out about what I had seen; and-then-to save themselves they pretended I had lost my senses, and got the doctors to sign a paper that I

"Ah ! cruel, wicked ! What you must have suffered!" said Gladys, with a look of mingled horror and pity. "You can see now why I was so

they caught me." They shall not. You are welcome to stay here until you can communicate

with your friends, poor thing," "Oh, no, I dare not"; hurriedly adding, "They would find me." "I would not give you up. I have friends in the neighborhood, and-

"Ah, you forget about that, poor lady! They were armed with authority, and could make you. My only chance is to get safely away to where they could not find me, until I could prove myself sane. If I could but contrive o reach my sister in London-Hush! thought I heard-are they coming

Not yet. They will come back this way-there is no other-when they find you have gone to the station, but it is nearly two miles there and back. How can I help you? There is the unction, but that is quite four miles from here, and you do not know the

"I could soon find it, but it's no use trying now. They will be on the watch for me in the road, and there's no other way, I suppose? "

"Why, yes; of course there is! How could I forget!" exclaimed Gladys, with a look of relief. "A much shorter way, too! Through the churchyard and across the fields at the back you would save quite a mile and

"Will you put me in the way?" eagerly. Then, her face falling again, "But most likely they know it, too; and if they suspect I've gone there they will follow me. They would be sure to think of the junction."
"Yes; I am afraid they would."

"Then I can only depend upon the desperate chance of hiding or outrunning them—unless——"
"Unless what?" questioned Gladys.

" I could not expect it," hesitatingly. "You may expect anything it is in my power to do. If there is tell me, and be sure I will help you if I can, poor thing. You have not a minute to lose now." The woman seemed still to hesitate a

moment or two. "If you didn't mind, it might delay and battle them, and it couldn't hurt you. You are about my size and height, and if you would just put on my cloak and draw the hood over your head and stand where they could see you through the gate you might divert their attention and keep them watching you until it was too late to overtake me. I happen to know there's an up-train from the junction at half past 1, and if you could contrive to prevent their following me till then I shall get safely away. You would only have to show yourself now and then to keep them on the watch, and you would be in your own

"I will do it," said Gladys, reflecting that her mother would not be likely to require anything. She did not usually awaken for two or three hours af-

ter her sleeping-draught.

The woman hastily divested herself of her cloak, and, as Gladys put it on,

"If you wouldn't mind taking my bag in your hand you would look still more like me. I will take just this. It

They heard, or thought they heard footsteps in the road. Gladys took the other's hand and guided her swiftly and silently round the house, through the orchard, to the swing-gate, whence diverging from the elm-walk, a narrow path skirted the churchyard and led to some fields.

led to some fields. "Keep to the footpaths across the fields, go up the lane into the high road, turn to the right by the farmhouse, and walk straight on until you were sane," quietly replied Gladys, come to the junction." meeting his eyes.

You have saved me!" "Am I free to tell the truth when

"Sane," repeated Dr. Harland, silently returning her gaze.
"Am I right in supposing that this bag was found in the rectory-grounds?" "To all the world." "Write and tell me as soon as you inquired Philip Gaston, with a puzzled have arrived at your sister's." glance from her to the bag, upon which his name was engraved. "In any case, "Yes, oh, yes," returned the other, as she stole softly and quickly away. can see that we are under a deep ob "A real adventure," thought Gla-

dys, as she made her way back through the crchard and round to the front of the house. "Yes, that is what one wants-to be brought in contact with realities. Had I been drawing from my imagination I should have made my distressed heroine quite different; and—even now—yes, I really must make her a lady. There ought to be some love in it, too; but I think I can get that out of my inner con-sciousness," smiling softly to herself over the thought as she paced to and fro on the lawn.

Suddenly she became aware that she was being watched from without. Two or three pairs of eyes were peering at her through the railings of the gate, and she could hear men talking together in low tones, as though in hurried consultation. Was it—yes it was Dr. Harland speaking now, in a slightly raised voice:
"No; do not ring. As little noise

as possible. There is an invalid there." She drew a little nearer, and stood silently regarding them from beneath the hood of the cloak.

"Open the gate," said one, address-ing her. "We do not want to disturb the inmates here by ringing, but we are determined men-you cannot es-

She remained silent and motionless, a triumphant little smile upon her lips at the thought that she was mistress of the situation. "Quitea dramatic situation!" she mentally ejaculated. "Yes, this is how it must go- Standing in the pale moonlight, she drew herself up to her full height, and, secure in her ignorance '-no, innocence, of course- secure in her innocence and the consciousness of the strength of the lock of the garden gate, she faced the infuriated mob with the fear-less courage of---' Oh, dear!"

A young man had climbed the gate, dropped into the garden, turned the key, which had been left in the lock, and admitted the others.

Quite unprepared for this—she had

not calculated upon their getting in-Gladys shrank back, her pulses throbbing a little wildly. In another moment two strong arms were linked in hers, and she found herself a prisoner, hastily impelled the few steps toward the gate, and out into the road beyond. Meanwhile the bells in the churchlower were chiming, as if mockingly. · There is nae luck about the house, and reminding her that she had to keep her captors from guessing the truth for half an hour longer.

"That's her, gentlemen!" ejacu-lated a weman. She'd got her cleak huddled shout her just the same when she passed me at the lodge ! Oh, you good for naught !" "I am in your power," said Gladys; "do not burt me."

"Come quietly and you will not be hurt." said one, in a clear, manly voice—the tone of one accustomed to command. "We will carry your bag for you,"

said another, whisking it out of her band, with a laugh. "Do not forget she is a woman, Giles," said the first speaker; "only a poor

" All right, sir." "No; let me," A hand strong as steel and gentle as a woman's was laid anxious to make my escape—how little upon Gladys's wrist, as he went on to chance I should have to do so again if her: "You must come with us, but you will receive no rough treatment. Unless, by resisting, you render it necessary for me to use force I will simply hold you thus. Walk behind, Giles," asking the others to walk to the right and left in case there should be an attempt at rescue.

She was quick to recognize that her wisest course was to walk quietly with them until the time came to make herself known, barely half an hour now. Dr. Harland was there-he would know her, and it was but little to do to help a fellow-woman in such dire need. She was not lacking in courage, and there was an undercurrent of expectancy and amusement in her mind at the thought of the surprise she was going to give them presently. "There really ought to be something dramatic in the denouement," she was thinking. It will be my turn then! Dr. Harland will be annoyed at finding he has been made the tool of those dreadful people; but he is good, and, as soon as he knows the whole truth, he will be the first to defend the poor thing. Still, I think he ought not to have been so easily deceived, and he will just a little deserve to be laughed at. Besides, I must tell him that without the bit comedy he affords the plot would be

They walked through the quiet, deserted village, but instead of going on to Dr. Harland's house they, to her surprise, turned in at the lodge-gates of Easterleigh Park, the present owner of which had lately succeeded to the estate and just taken up his residence there. Gladys had heard that a party of friends were gathered at the house

As they entered the avenue Gladys paused and resisted a moment, murmuring "No, I will not," but recollected again and walked quietly on in the midst of her captors, her head bent down beneath the hood of the cloak. She caught half sentences mean while about "the daring with which it had been done—the finding a ladder beneath the window-the intention to keep her at the park until the morning," and so forth.

"To the library," said the one who held her prisoner, in his clear, decisive tone, as they entered the house. They crossed the hall and turned into a large room-herself, three whom she saw now were gentlemen, a man-servant, and the woman living at the lodge, who was well known to Gladys. The young man, whom she now guessed was the owner of the house, released her. "I advise you to make a clean breast of it, and save further trouble. You

see they have left you to bear the She hardly heard, her gaze directed toward the clock on the mantel-piece. In two minutes the other would have

started, and she might speak.

"Where do you come from?" asked " From the rectory," she marmured. "We know that much," with a laugh; but before you went there?"

She unclasped the closk, letting it fall to her feet, and stood revealed, all unconscious of the beautiful picture

she made, her bright gold-brown hair becomingly disarranged, a soft rose-flush upon her cheeks, and her blue-grsy eyes brilliant with excitement, and just a glint of triumph.

themselves.

He fell back, gazing at her in the greatest amazement. "Who—?"

"Miss Lenster!" ejaculated Dr. Harland, looking, if possible, still more astonished than the other. "Wby, what in the world—!"

ton, and one of the men-servants to be left on guard at the rectory.

Dr. Harland had his jest with Gladys, as they talked the matter over on the way. But she was accustomed to his bacinege and held her own, even his bacinege and held her own, even his bacinege and held her own, even her her way.

"Ob, miss, why didn't you tell us it was you?" said the woman.
"Bless my soul, yes! Why did you when he threw out little hints about his surprise that she, of all people, should have been taken in by so clumsy

rot say who you were? The woman we were after has got off, perhaps." "Contrived it as well as though she " Just what I meant to say to you!"

thought Gladys. "You showed great power of selfcentrol, Miss Lenster," said Gaston.
"Yes; you did not make the slight est attempt to defend yourself," smilingly said the good doctor, keeping up the jesting tone. "Against five! No; that would

have been waste of energy; better allow you deceive yourselves since you chose to do so, she smilingly replied, as a hint to him that she had not been the only one to be taken in. " But it night have been much worse for me. I am very grateful to you for doing your spiriting so gently, Mr. Gaston. You see I was bound not to speak, and cculdu't defend myself. I do not know what I should have done had you been rough with me." Remembering that even to the woman he had imagined her to be he was considerate and forbearing : " How much I owe you!" en upward glance into the dark eyes bent so admiringly upon her, and the thought that he looked just the knightloyel, brave, and true-to succor damsels in distress.

quickly after her, and we fancied that she had possibly got into the rectory-On his side, he was telling himself that no knight, past, present, or to "Robbery!" Every vestige of come, could have a more daintily lovely lady to do battle for. He had been color died out of the girl's face as it began to dawn upon her that she had been quick to note, with the appreciation of a man of the world, how free sh was from any girlish self-consciousber eyes apprehensively upon Dr. Harness-how entirely careless as to the impression she might be making. land, she went on with a sinking heart. She told me that she had made her escape from your house, where she had

While they went over the rectorygrounds to make sure there was no one lurking about, Gladys ran to her mother's room, and found her sleeping peacefully, all unconscious of what had taken place.
"Only 2 o'clock!" murmured Gla-

dys, as she stood on the balcony watching the two men as they walked down the road, and listening to the chimes from the old church tower : " I feel as though I had gone through the experience of a lifetime!" adding, with a little sigh, " and all for nothing. As time went on she was to find

that kind. Besides, her getting off without the jewels is not of so much that it had not been gone through for nothing. Philip Gaston had found his importance. We owe you a large debt fate. The critical, hard-to-please, and, of gratitude for having secured them." in the matrimonial market, despaired-"But I have not!" ejaculated Glaof owner of Eastleigh, who had been dys, white and trembling, almost beside a little proud of his invulnerability, herself with the thought that she had succumbed at once and forever, as actually assisted the thief to get safely such men sometimes do, to one who off with the proceeds of the robbery made not the slightest effort to attract. He knew his own mind, and She took something from it tied up in a handkerchief. I helped her to wrong was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. In a very short time you-I helped her!" covering her face the old story was being enacted over Jane Green, her sympathies now enagain in the rectory-garden. Philip Gaston had won his wife. tirely with her dear Miss Lenster, whom she had known since she was a child,

FACE HUMORS. SEVEN YEARS OF PHYSICAL AND

MENTAL SUFFERING ENDED BY CUTICUBA.

About seven years ago I had a humor break out upon my face: it sinted in a small botch and looked like the sling of a bee; then it spread and looked like a ring-worm, and became very gainful. I at once went to one of the best dectors in the city, and he could do me no good. No less than twelve of the best doctors have had a trial at my face, and all of them failed. I will one of the men, who went out of the room.

At that moment were heard the sounds of horses' feet and the grating of wheels upon the gravel sweep fronting the house. These were the indications of an arrival, and in another moment the room-door opened and Gladys beheld the culprit brought in between two men.

Twelve of the best doctors have had at that at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will say that they were from tooton, New York. And Maine, also from England. France, and Consed. I have been a hotel cook and watering-places; that is why I have had at trial at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed. I will not give you a list of their names, but will have head at my face, and all of them failed in the plant of the face, and all of them failed. I will have been a lotted cook and watering-piaces; that they were from tooton. New your cook at watering-piaces; that they were from toa tween two men.

"Caught her, you see, sir," said the groom. "It was a good thought to send to the junction. She walked into the trap as quiet as a lamb! There she was, taking her ticket for the half-past-and in every case it has cured them. It

Have just used your CUTICLEA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and budy, and the hair commenced to come out. Now

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Send for "How to Cure Skin-Diseases."

Acting Miscles Backs, Hips, and Sides, and all Palin, inflammation and Weakness Relieved in One Miscles Believed Acting and ANTI-PAIN FLASTER.

At drugglats, 25 cents. de 1-W(w)&Su

thing. If," with a side look at Gladys, At drugglats, 25 cents. E. C. VINCENT PROPRIETOR OF PATENTS FARM, GARDEN, AND ORNAMEN-

TAL FENCE FENCE-MACHINES. Post-Office Roz 56, Richmond, Va. Post-Office 4, Staunton, Va. Diploma awarded by Virginia State Agri-cultural Society, Richmond, 1885 and 1883, for cattle, poultry-yard, farm-fencing, gates, Ac.

Gaston.

A slow flush rose to the woman's cheeks and her bold eyes fell. "I know the difference, sir. I beg your pardon, miss, and the next time—there, I'm not going to be soft. The next time I get into a fix I must get out of it the best way I can. You won't give me the chance for some time, I suppose. But it might have been worse.

I for cattle, poultry-yard, farm-feneing, gates, &c.

Biploms awarded at Augusta Baldwin Fair at Stannton, Va., 1886, for the best Purplament will be prosecuted at Scottsville Fair.

Diploms awarded at Augusta Baldwin Fair at Stannton, Va., 1886, for the best Purplament will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Section of the Five-Foot Fence Standing.

Descriptive circular sent upon application. Fence also manufactured and for sale by MARKS & FRIEND, 113 east River street Petersburg, Va. R. F. & W. P. HILL, Barboursville, Va.

O. M. STYRON, 346 east Main street, Nor-

folk, Va. COMBINATION FENCE COMPANY, A. A. SPITZER, Manager, 1450 cast Franklin street, Richmond, Va.

JAMES ROACH, Fredericksburg, Va,

Agents for sale of Fencing: J. F. TEMPLETON, Waynesboro', Va. Q. B. ROLER, Mount Crawford, Va. oc 24-SuSm ADVERTISING AGENCY.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. Nor did he express the displeasure that might have been expected, when, a few hours later, it was discovered that the prisoner had escaped. By his "mistake" Gladys Lenster was spared the having to appear as witness, and being obliged to narrate the deception that had been practiced upon her in open court.

Meanwhile, only desirous now to get back to her mother without delay, she was on her way home, accompanied by her old friend Dr. Harland, Philip Gas-

GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER

Cures All Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores.

A PERFECT SPRING MEDICINE.

SUPERB FLESH-PRODUCER AND TONIC. HEAR THE WITNESSES!

TEN TO TWENTY POUNDS.

RELIEF! Forty Years a Sufferer from CATARRH.

WONDERFUL TO RELATE.

"FOR FORTY YEARS I have been a victim to CATARRH—three fourths of the time a sufferer from EXCRUCIATING PAINS ACROSS MY FOREHEAD AND MY NOS-TRILS. The discharges were so offensive that I hesitate to mention it, except for the good it may do some other sufferer. I have spont a young fortune from my earnings during my forty years of suffering to obtain relief from the doctors. I have tried patent medicines—every one I could learn of—from the four corners of the earth, with no relief. And AT LAST (lifty seven years of age) have met with a remedy that has cured me entirely—made me a new man. I weighted 128 pounds and now weigh 146. I used thirteen bottles of the medicine, and the only regret I have is that being in the humble walks of life, I may not have induced to prevail on all Catavrh sufferers to use what has cured me—

Guinn's Pioneer Blood Renewer. "HENRY CHEVES, No. 267 Second street, Macon, Ga." "Mr. Henry Cheves, the writer of the above, formerly of Crawford county, now of Ma-on, Ga., merits the confidence of all interested in Catarrh.
"W. A. HUFF, Ex-Mayor of Macon."

A Man of Sixty-Eight Winters. I am sixty-eight years of age, and regard GUINN'S PIONEER a fine tonic for the feeble. By its use my strength has been restored and my weight increased ten pounds

A. F. G. CAMPBELL, Cotton-Gin Maker,

A Crippled Confederate Says:

I only weighed 128 pounds when I commenced GUINN'S PIONEER, and now weigh 147 pounds. I could hardly walk with a stick to support me, and can now walk long distances without help. Its benefit to me is beyond calculation. D. RUFUS BOSTICK, Cotton-Buyer, Macon, Go.

Mr. A. H. Bramblett, Hardware Merchant of Forsyth, Ga., Writes: It acted like a charm on my general health, I consider it a fine tonic. I weight more than I have for twenty-five years. Respectfully, A. H. BRAMBLETT. Mr. W. F. Jones, Macon, Says;

My wife has regained her strength and increased ten pounds in weight. We W. F. JONES. secommend GUINN'S PIONEER as the best tonic. Dr. G. W. Delbridge, of Atlanta, Ga., Writes of Guinu's Pioncec GUINN'S PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER has been used for years with suprec dented success. It is entirely vegetable and does the system no harm. It improves the appetite, digestion, and blood-making, stimulating, invigorating, and toning up all

Dr. Moore Often Prescribes It With Satisfactory Results. Macon Medicine Company: I take pleasure in giving my opinion in regard to the Blood Purisies prepared by you. I have prescribed it often in obstinate skin discases, especially of Syphilitic origin, and can say that its use has proved entirely satisfactory.

JOHN L. MOORE, M. D., Grima, Ga.

the functions and tissues of the system, and thus becomes the great blood-renewed

Macon Medicine Company: You ask me what I think of GUINN'S PIONELL BLOOD RENEWER as a Blood Medicine. I will state that I have seen some very wonderful cures from the effects of it in skin diseases and blood diseases. It is without a doubt the REST BLOOD MEDICINE before the country.

JAMES A. ROSE, Williamsville, Pike country.

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Medicine. if not in your market, it will be forwarded on receipt of price. Small bottles, \$1; large, \$1.75. Essay on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
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FOR SALE, FIVE LEONBERG PUPS, two months old.
Twenty-five dollars each. Address T. B. L.
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SWEET CIDER, SWEET CIDER,
SARATOGA CHIPS,
DBIED BUGAR-CORN.
ATMORE'S MINCE MEAT.
NEW FRUITS OF ALL KINDS for Cake
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for "CHICHESTERS SENGLISH and use for other, or inclose 4c, (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mall. Name paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2813 Madison Square, Philadelpnia, Pa. Sold by Bruggists everywhere. Ask for "CHICHESTERS ENGLISH" PENNY-ROYAL PILLS. Take no other.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, 40 TALL ARRIVALS.—I would announce to my friends and the public that I now have in stock an elegant I assortment of CHAMBER. PABLOB. And DINING-ROOM SUITS, embracing ALL THE LATERT NOVELTIES IN STYLES AND WOODS. You will find my stock complete, prices low, and terms accommodating, oc 13-3m No. 16 Governor street. THE LARGEST AND MOST

AND PARLOR FURNITURE now in OUT WATEROOMS.

MAHOGANY, WALNUT, and CHERRY
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Elegant PARLOR SUITS in silk plushes

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MAHOGANY and WALNUT SIDE-BOARDS, bavel glam. Large stock of other goods to suit the taste of every one. Examine our stock before buying.

S. W. HARWOOD & SON, se 5-2m Governor street. GEORGE P. STACY, 1205 C. AND 1207 MAIN STREET—Steam DINING SUITS, PARLOR FURNITURE made up in the most artistic style. Give him a trial.

RICHMOND, VA., November 26, 1886.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

TAKE NOTICE.

I have commenced to transfer the stock of tobacco stored in Planters and Merchanis Warehouse No. 1 to Davenport Warehouse, corner Fourteenth and Dock streets. Take removal will continue every day until the entire stock is transferred.

JOHN H. HUTCHESON,

no 28-101*